

this brief summary of recent events in the | it promises to resume its ancient celebrity. history of the college, President Ewell has | If excelled in wealth and the number of appeared three times before Congressional Committees—the last time in April, 1874 urging the justice of an appropriation for the college, in consideration of "Revolutionary losses, and because of the destruction of its building, and other property, by United States troops, during the late Civil War,"—a petition eloquently supported by the Hon. Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts.* Of the result, if any, of this application, we are not advised. In 1869, the main building was substantially restored, the Faculty fully re-organized; and the venerable institution has begun a new career of usefulness, under able and experienced officers, in whose hands

students by other universities, it is unsurpassed for the excellence of its moral and intellectual training, and the refined influences surrounding it in the old city of Williamsburg, now, as formerly, remarkable for the high tone of its society. Let it be added that, surely, the historical glories of the old Virginia capital should count for something. It is scarcely a mere fancy that something of the spirit of patriotism and virtue which inspired Washington, Jefferson, Pendleton, and other eminent men of the last century, lingers in the ancient metropolis—and to resemble these is the worthiest aim that the young men of to-day could present to themselves.

destruction: "I am satisfied, on examination of the facts of the case, that the destruction of the buildings of William and Mary College by our troops was not only unnecessary and unauthorized, but was one of those deplorable acts of useless destruction which occur

in all wars.

* General Meade thus writes in relation to this

"In this view, and believing that its reconstruction will tend to cement and strengthen the bonds of union, and to give encouragement to the growth and spreading of Union principles, I take great pleasure in recommending the appeal of Professor Ewell to all those who have the means and the disposition to assist him in the good work in which he is engaged."

BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

Beauty for ashes thou hast brought me, dear! A time there was when all my soul lay waste, As the earth dark before the dawning lies Whereto the golden feet of morn make haste.

Like morn thou comest, gladness in thine eyes, And gracious pity round thine ardent mouth— Like rain of summer upon wasted lands, Thy tender tears refreshed my spirit's drouth.

To-day is calm. Far off the tempest raves That long ago swept dead men to the shore— I can forget how those wild billows broke— Against my hopes and me they break no more.

White butterflies flit shining in the sun— Red roses burst to bloom upon the tree— Birds call to birds till the glad day is done, The day of beauty thou hast brought to me.

Shall I forget, O gentle heart and true, How thy fair dawn has risen on my night— Turned dark to day all golden through and through— From soil of grief won bloom of new delight?

> MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

copyright reserved

GABRIEL CONROY.*

BY BRET HARTE.

CHAPTER I.

WITHOUT.

of cañons in white shroud-like drifts, fashioning the dividing ridge into the likeness of a monstrous grave, hiding the bases of giant pines, and completely covering young trees and larches, rimming with porcelain the bowl-like edges of still, cold lakes, and undulating in motionless white billows to the edge of the distant horizon. Snow lying everywhere over the California Sierras on the 15th day of March, 1848, and still falling.

It had been snowing for ten days; snowing in finely granulated powder, in damp, spongy flakes, in thin, feathery plumes; snowing from a leaden sky steadily, snowing fiercely, shaken out of purple-black clouds in white flocculent masses, or dropping in long level lines like white lances from the tumbled and broken heavens. But always silently! The woods were so choked with it, the branches were so laden with it, it had so permeated, filled and possessed earth and sky; it had so cushioned and muffled the ringing rocks and echoing hills that all sound was deadened. The strongest gust, the fiercest blast awoke no sigh or complaint from the snow-packed, rigid files of forest. There was no cracking of bough nor crackle of underbrush; the overladen branches of pine and fir yielded and gave way without a sound. The silence was vast, measureless, complete!

> Nor could it be said that any outward sign of life or motion changed the fixed outlines of this stricken landscape. there was no play of light and shadow, only the occasional deepening of storm or night. Below, no bird winged its flight across the white expanse, no beast haunted the confines of the black woods; whatever of brute nature might have once inhabited these solitudes had long since flown to the low lands.

A few trees has been felled at the entrance of the cañon, and the freshly cut chips were but lightly covered with snow. They served perhaps to indicate another tree, "blazed" with an axe, and bearing a rudely shaped wooden effigy of a human hand, pointing to the cañon. Below the hand was a square strip of canvas, securely nailed against the bark, and bearing the following inscription:

"NOTICE.

Captain Conroy's party of emigrants are lost in the snow, and camped up this cañon. Out of provisions and starving!

Left St. Jo, October 8th, 1847. Left Salt Lake, January 1st, 1848. Arrived here, March 1st, 1848.

Lost half our stock on the Platte. Abandoned our wagons, February 20th.

HELP!

Our names are:

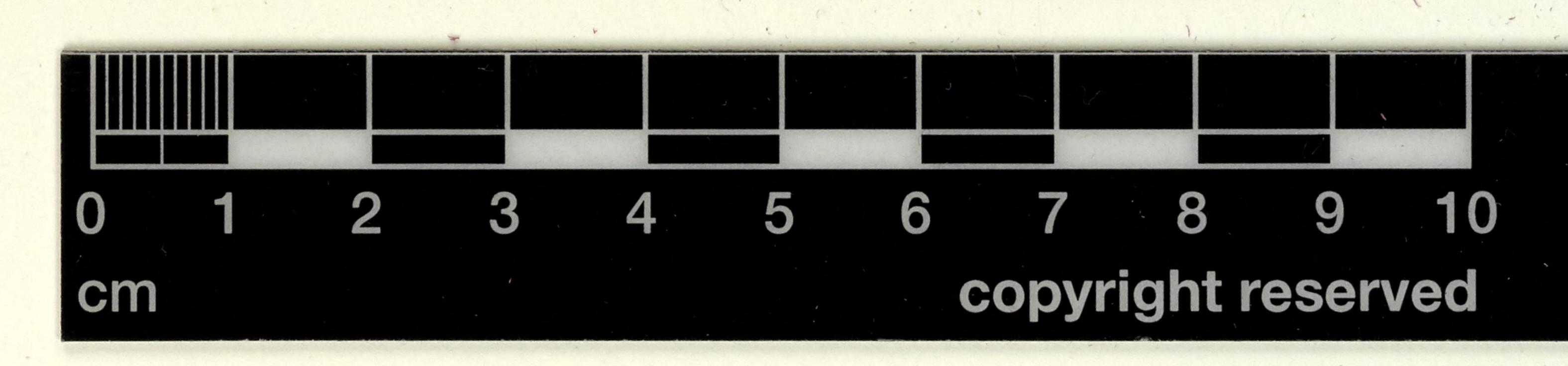
JOEL MCCORMICK, JANE BRACKETT, PETER DUMPHY, GABRIEL CONROY, PAUL DEVARGES, JOHN WALKER, GRACE CONROY, HENRY MARCH, OLYMPIA CONROY, PHILIP ASHLEY, MARY DUMPHY.

(Then in smaller letters, in pencil): Mamie died, November 8th, Sweetwater. MINNIE died December 1st, Echo Cañon. JAMES BRACKETT, lost February 3d.

HELP!"

The language of suffering is not apt to be artistic or studied, but I think that rhetoric could not improve this actual record. So I let it stand, even as it stood this 15th day of March, 1848, half-hidden by a thin film of damp snow, the snow-whitened hand stiffened and pointing rigidly to the fateful cañon like the finger of Death.

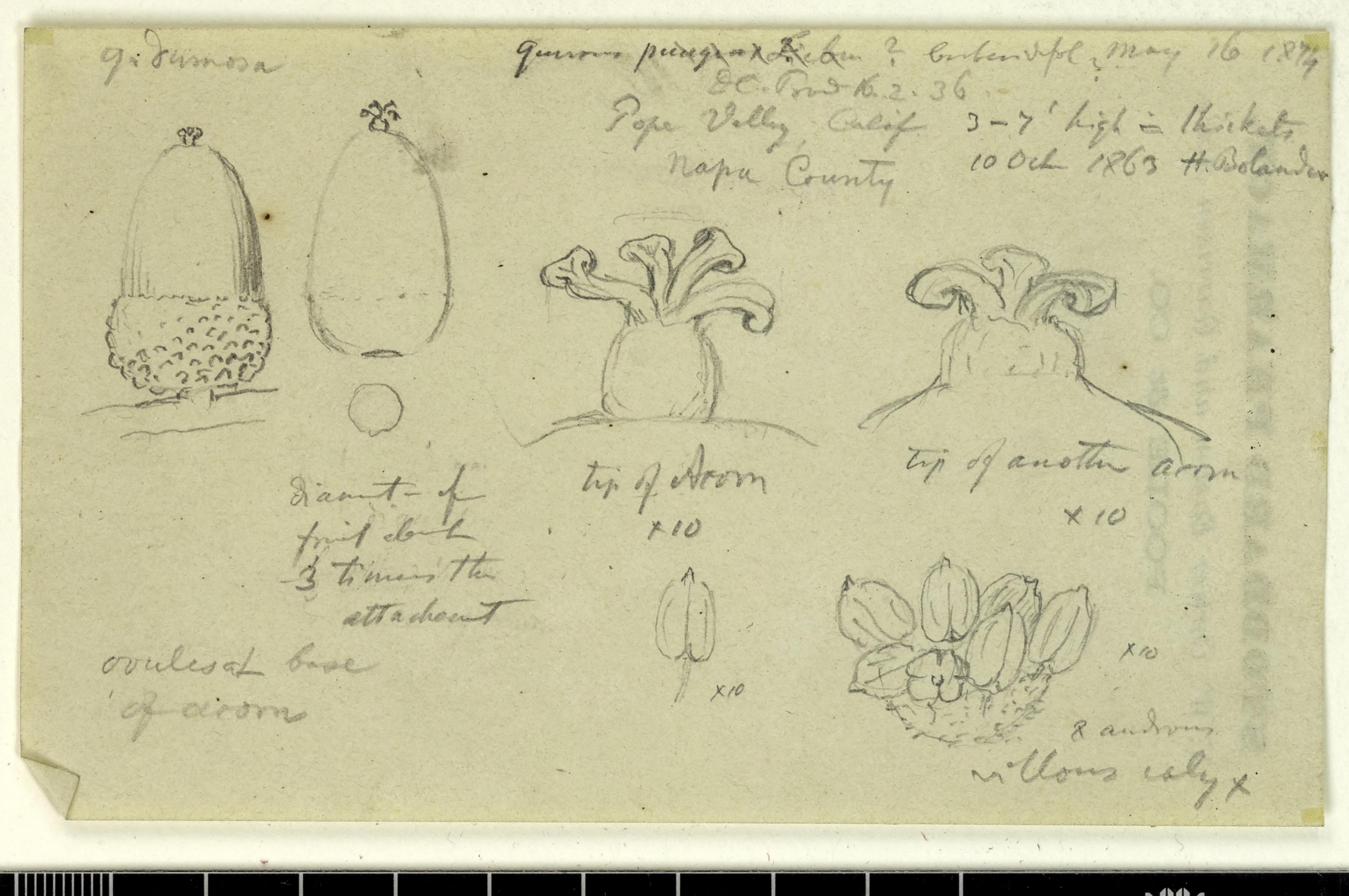
At noon there was a lull in the storm and





There was no track or imprint; whatever foot might have left its mark upon this waste, each succeeding snow-fall obliterated all trace or record. Every morning the soli-Snow. Everywhere. As far as the eye tude was virgin and unbroken; a million could reach—fifty miles, looking southward | tiny feet had stepped into the track and from the highest white peak. Filling ravines | filled it up. And yet, in the center of this and gulches, and dropping from the walls | desolation, in the very stronghold of this grim fortress, there was the mark of human

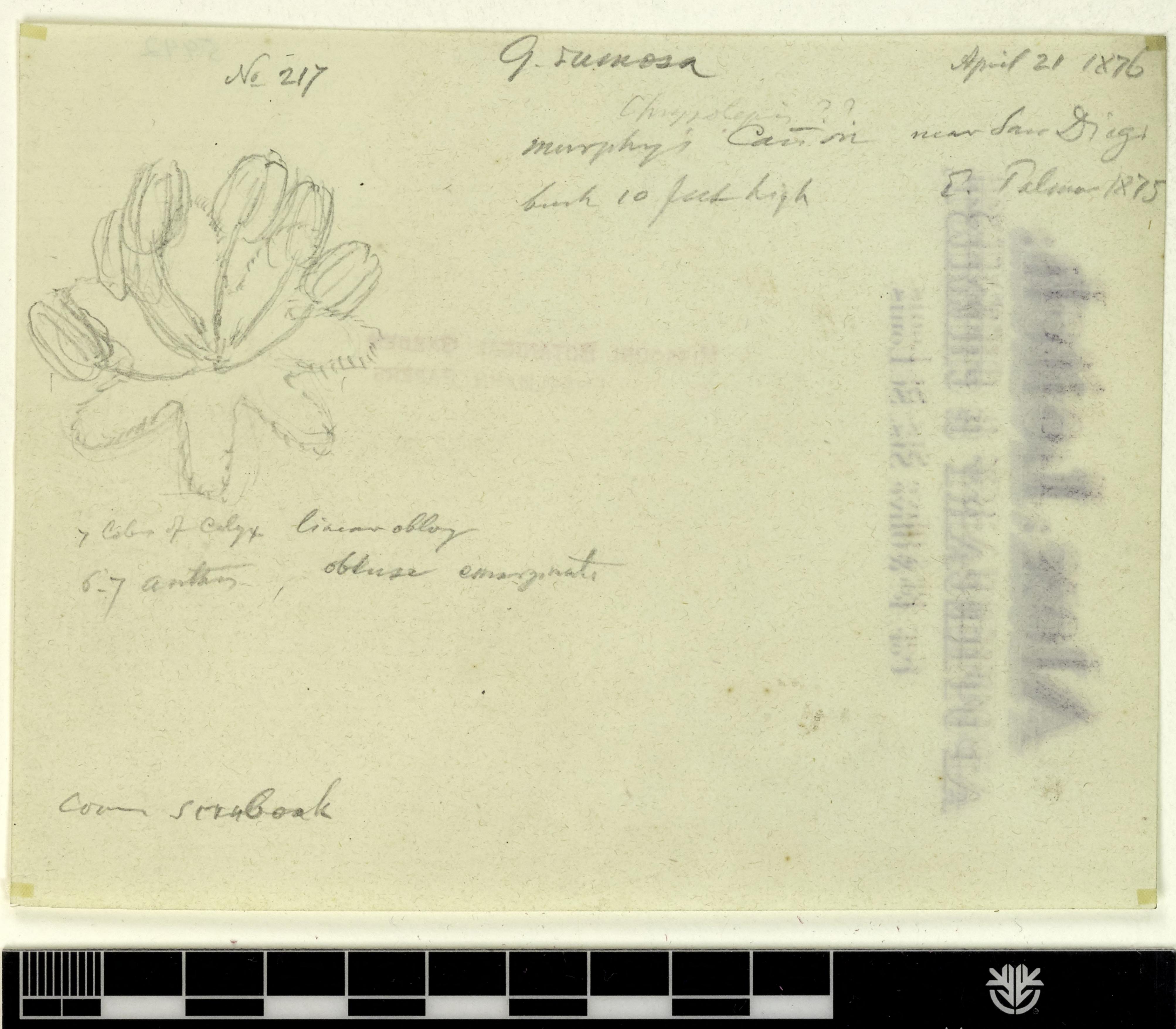
^{*} Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by Bret Harte, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

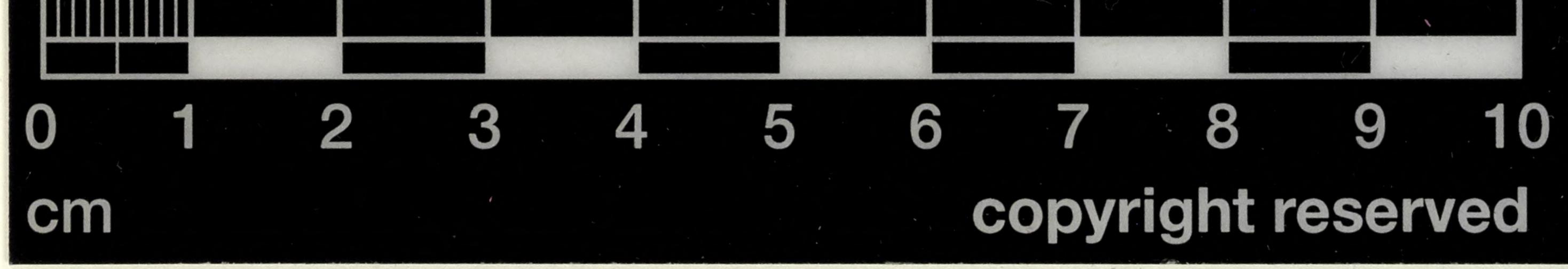




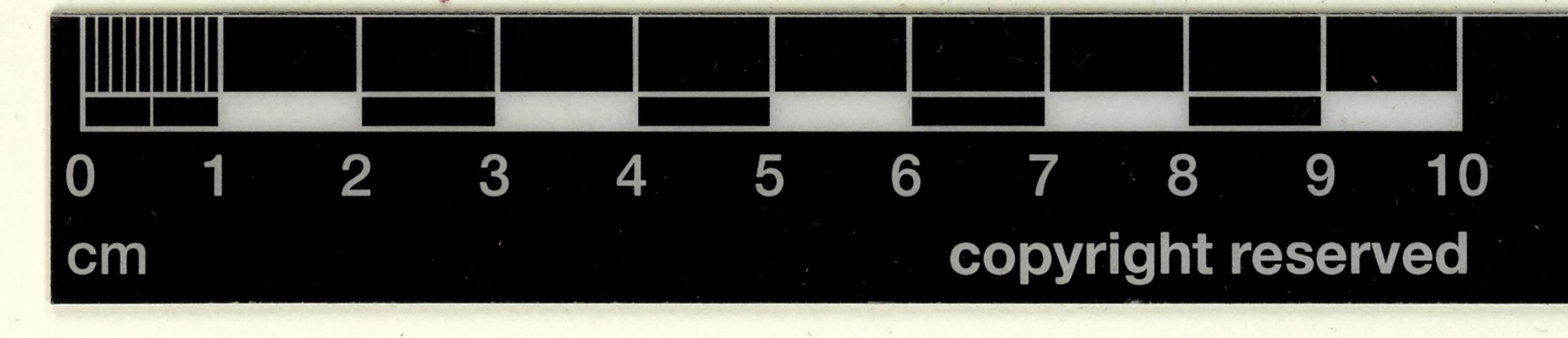
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 cm copyright reserved



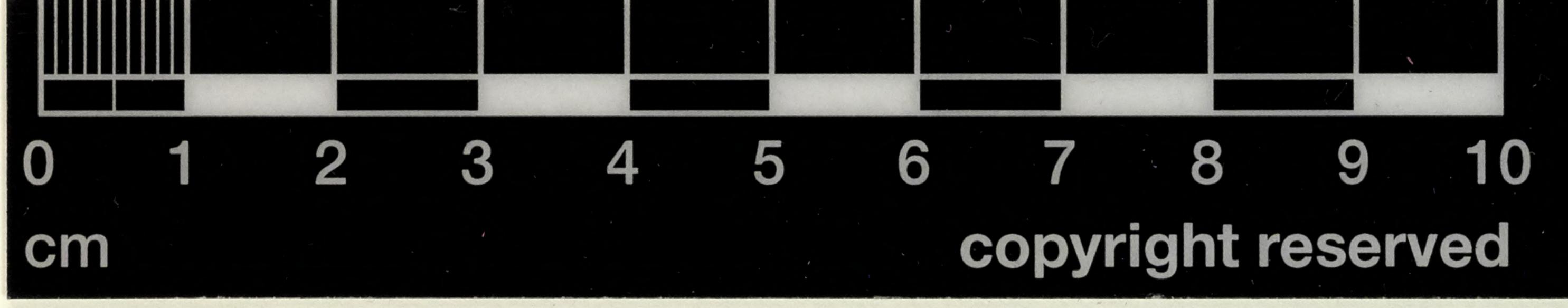


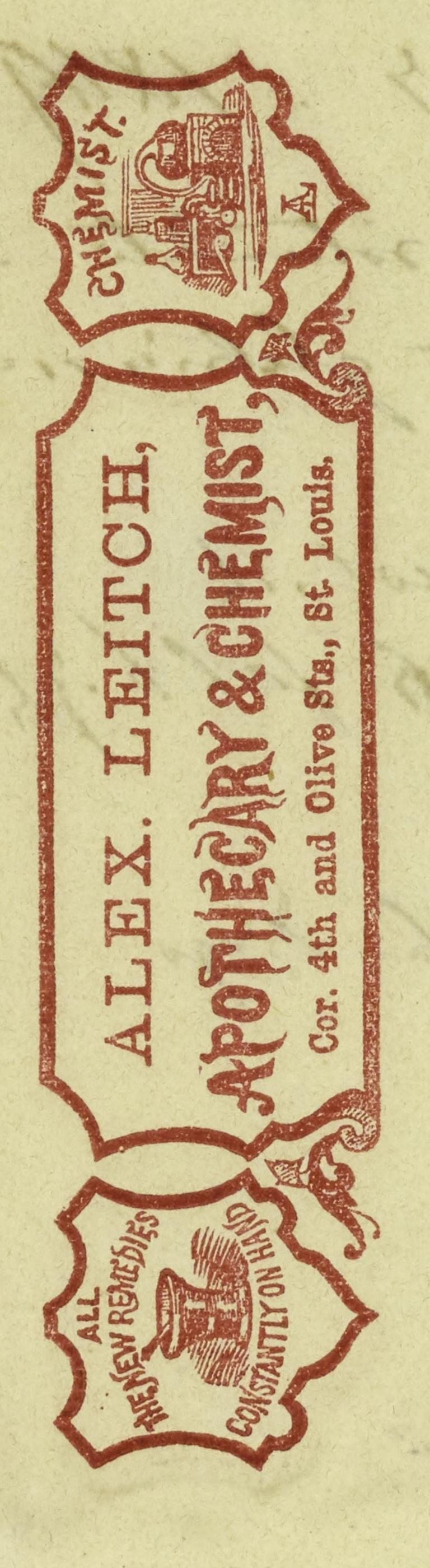
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN ENGELMANN PAPERS



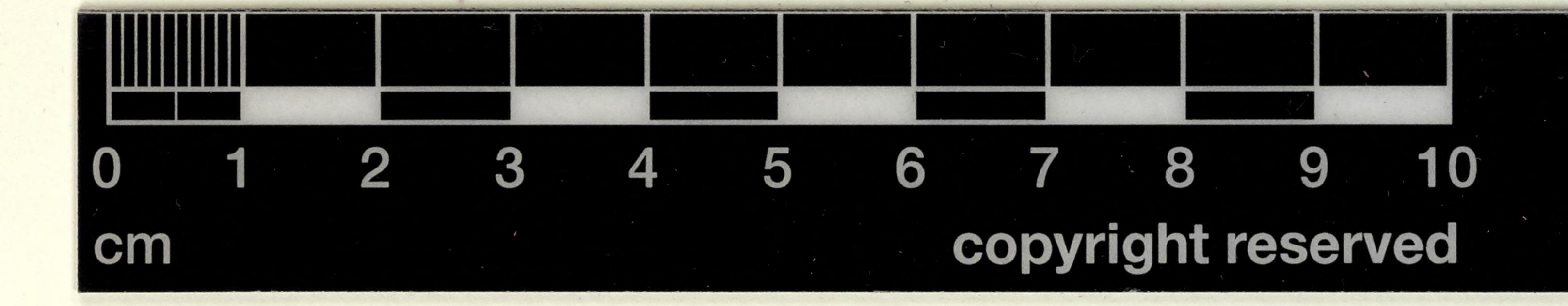


Gunn dumora Mutt Sylv 1. p. 7. 1849 rumi gravitibus pulesmentibus; fli, voluntib ovaliten subsemitibus spinosodentati; glabninist; subtin villosis Convoloribus Thicket on the base of the Hills while flank Sent Burbarn Cilif - 4-6 feel high twigs with smooth which bank Torrey Bot Bound p 20% 9. humin? Sandsego

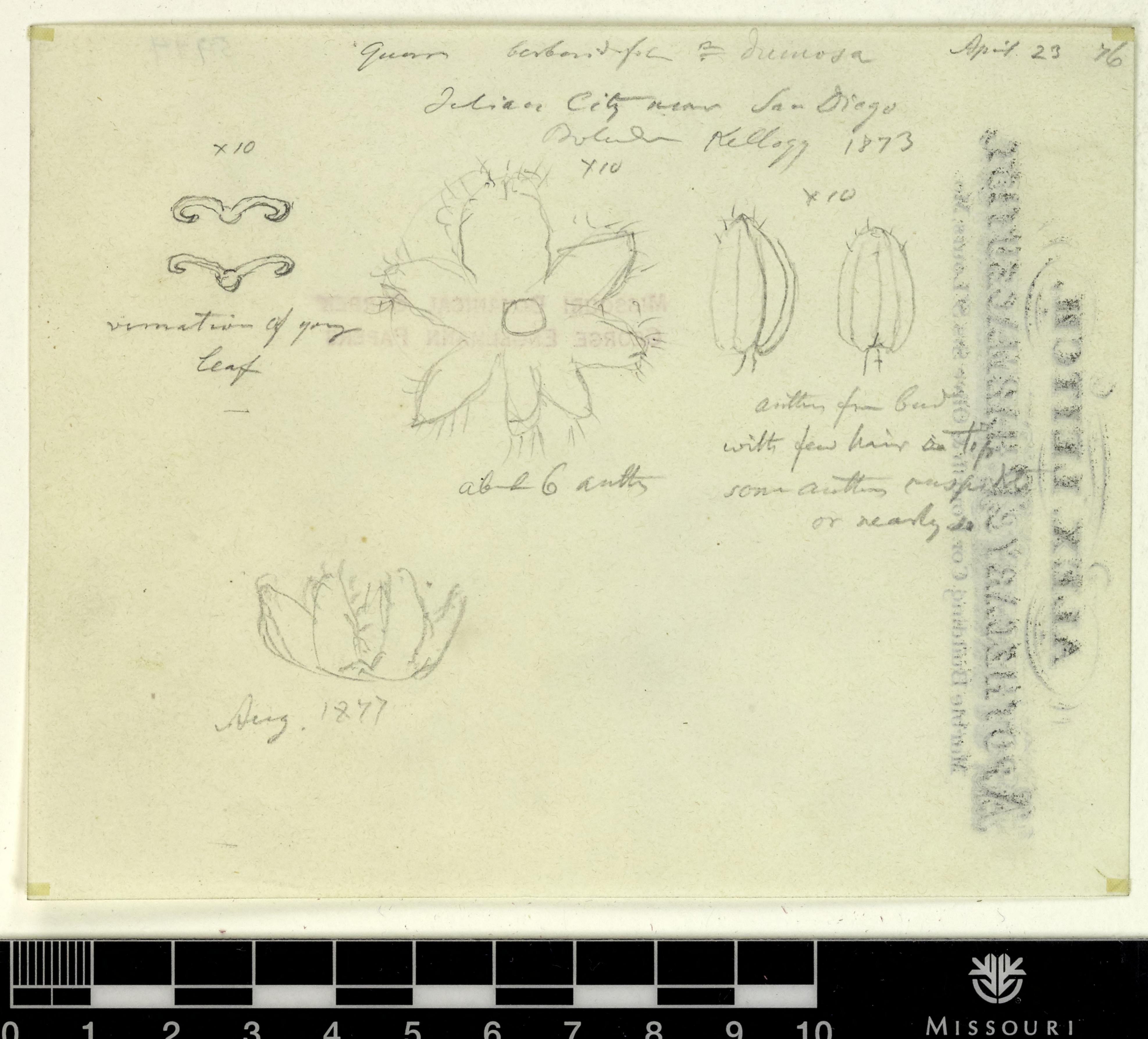




MISSOURI GARDEN GEORGE EL LA LA GARDEN

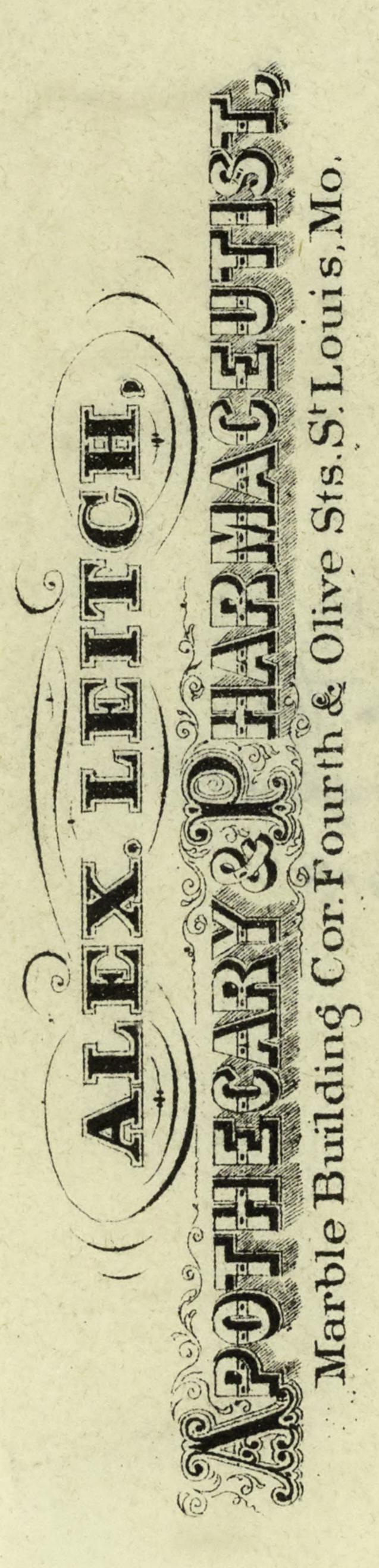




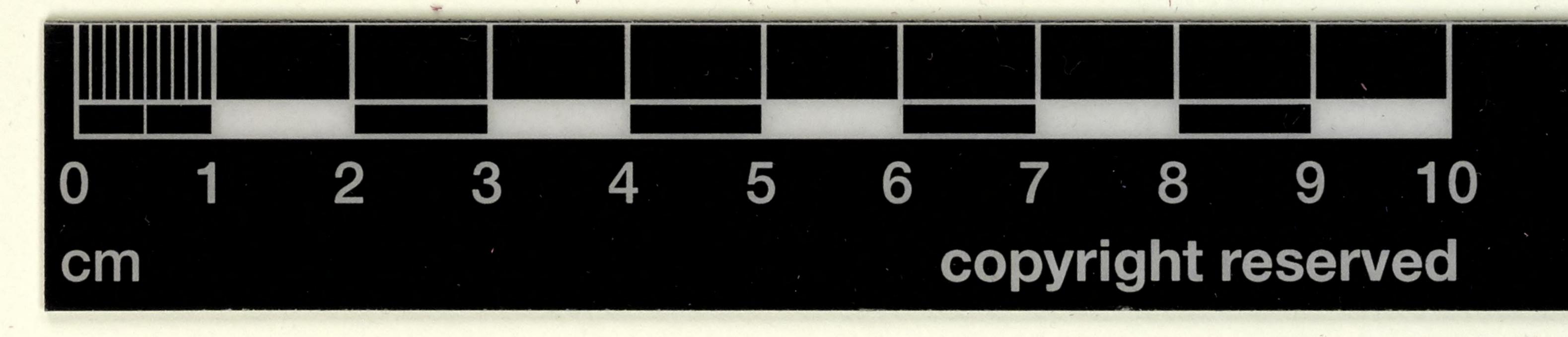




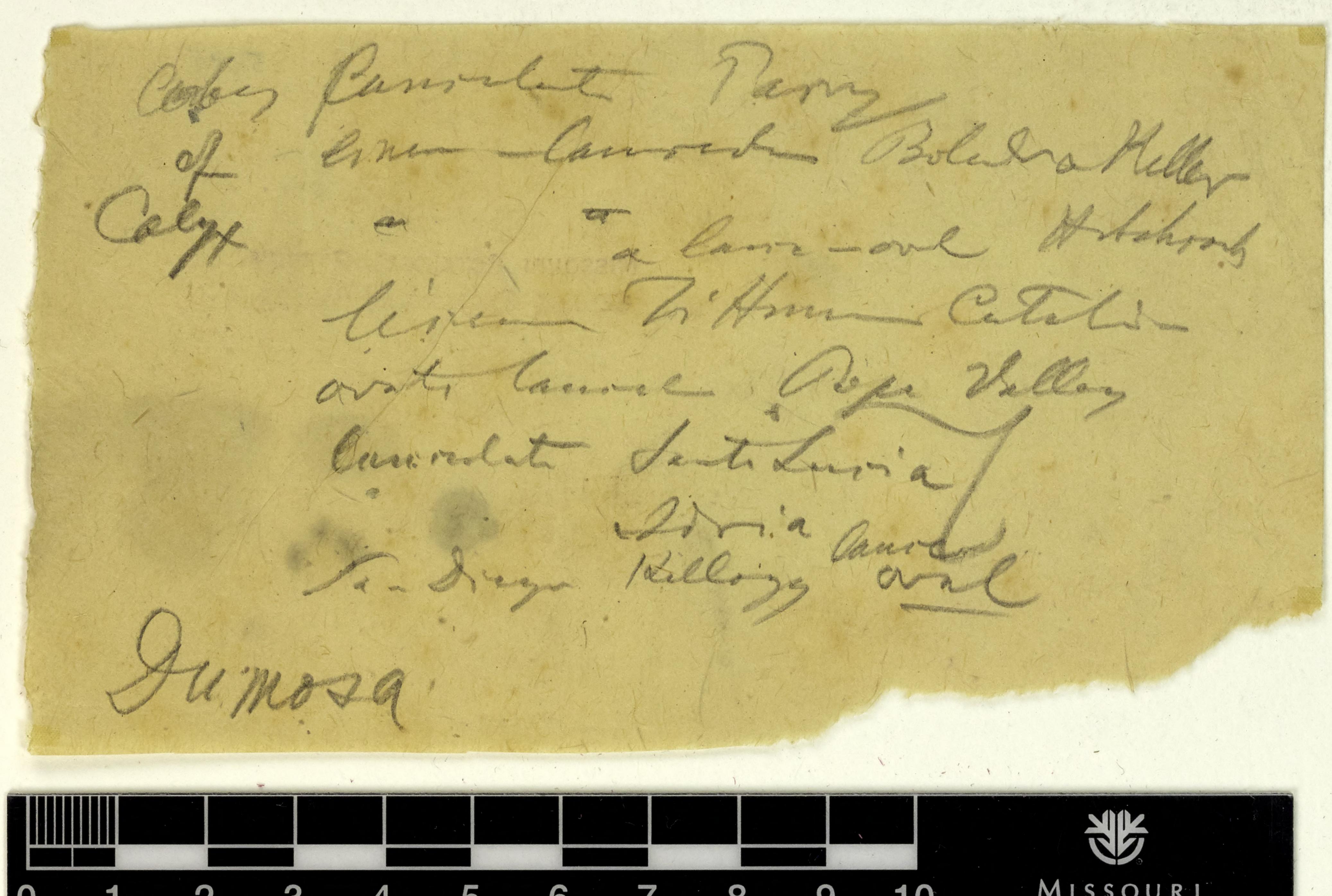
BOTANICAL GARDEN



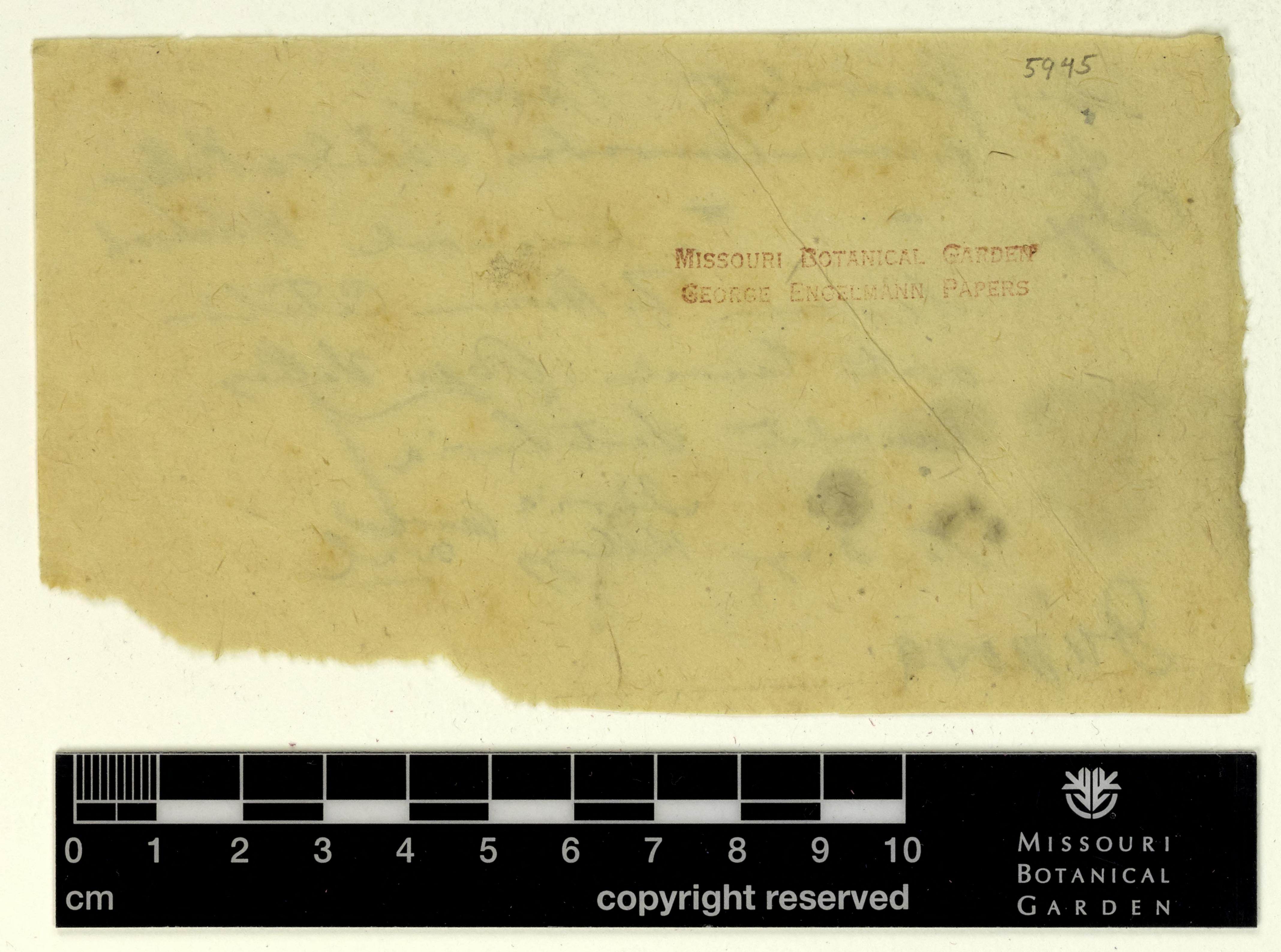
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS

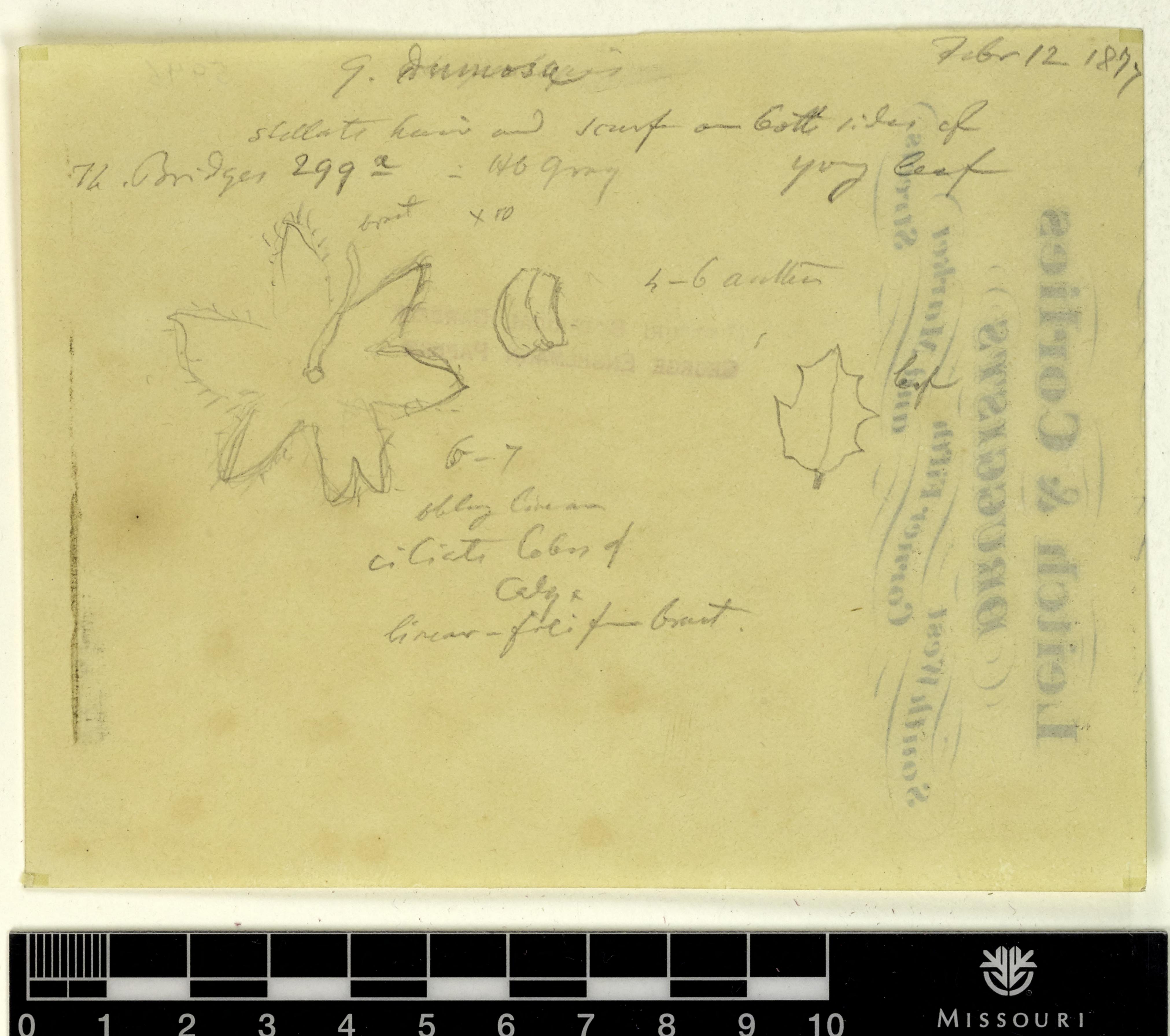






0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 cm copyright reserved

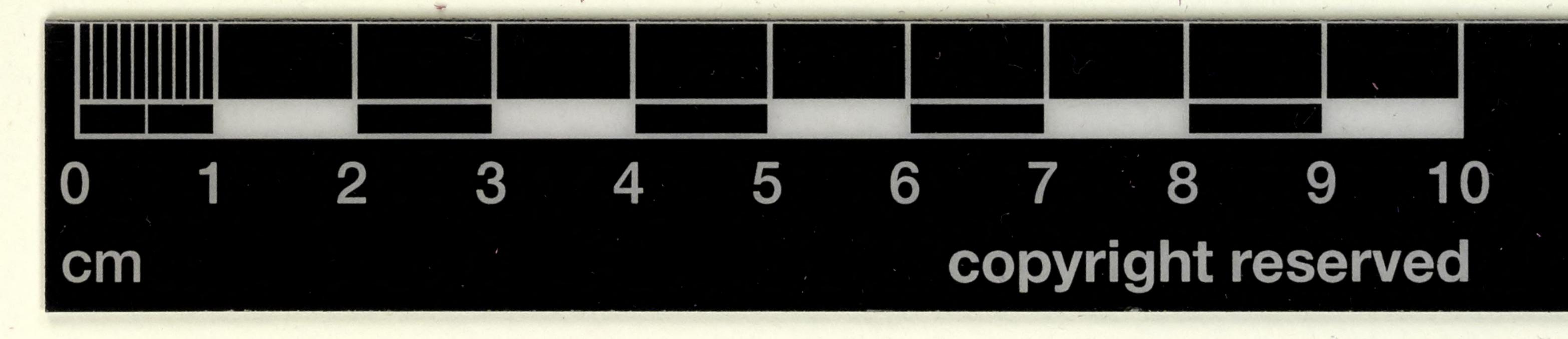




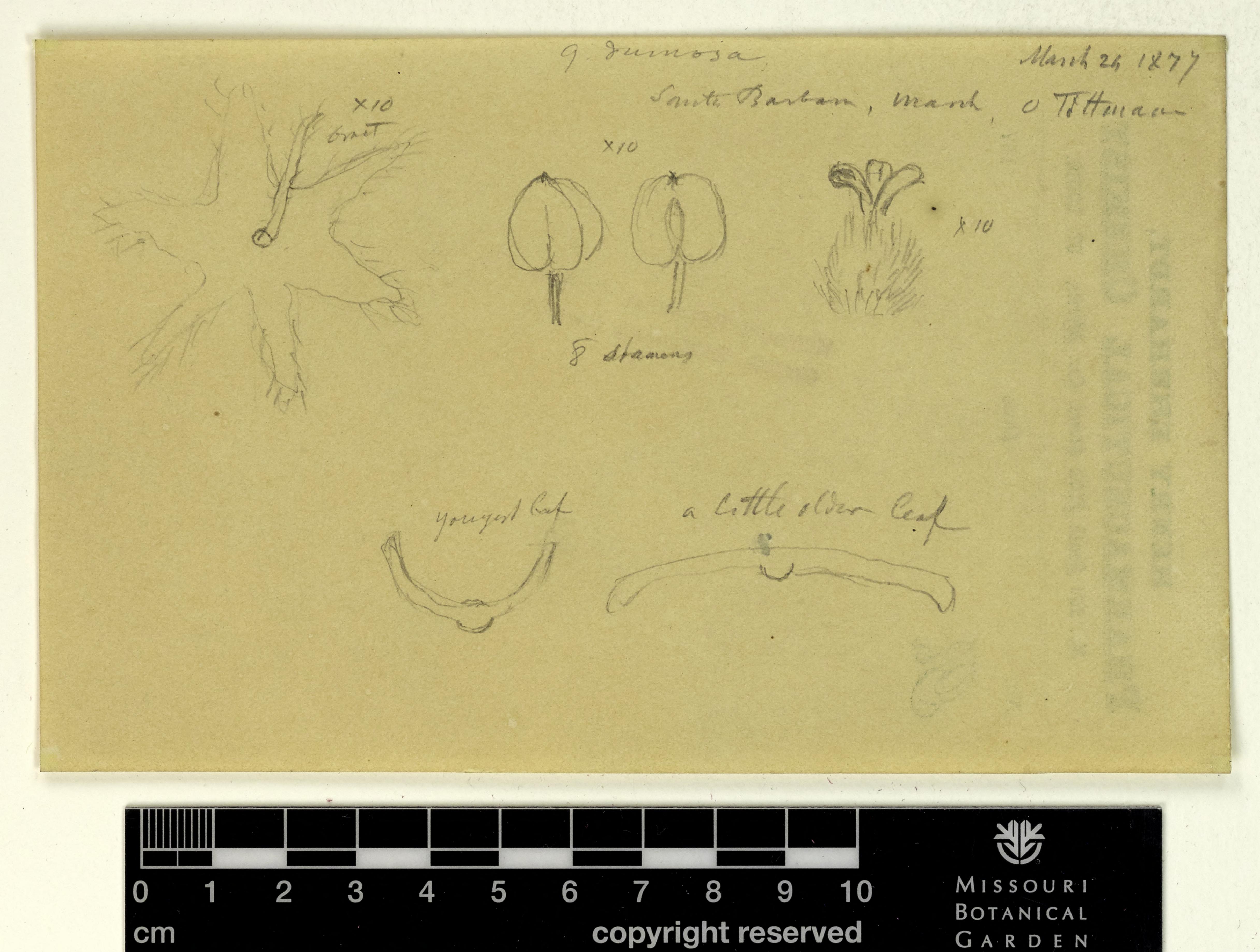
6 7 8 9 10 copyright reserved

cm

GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS







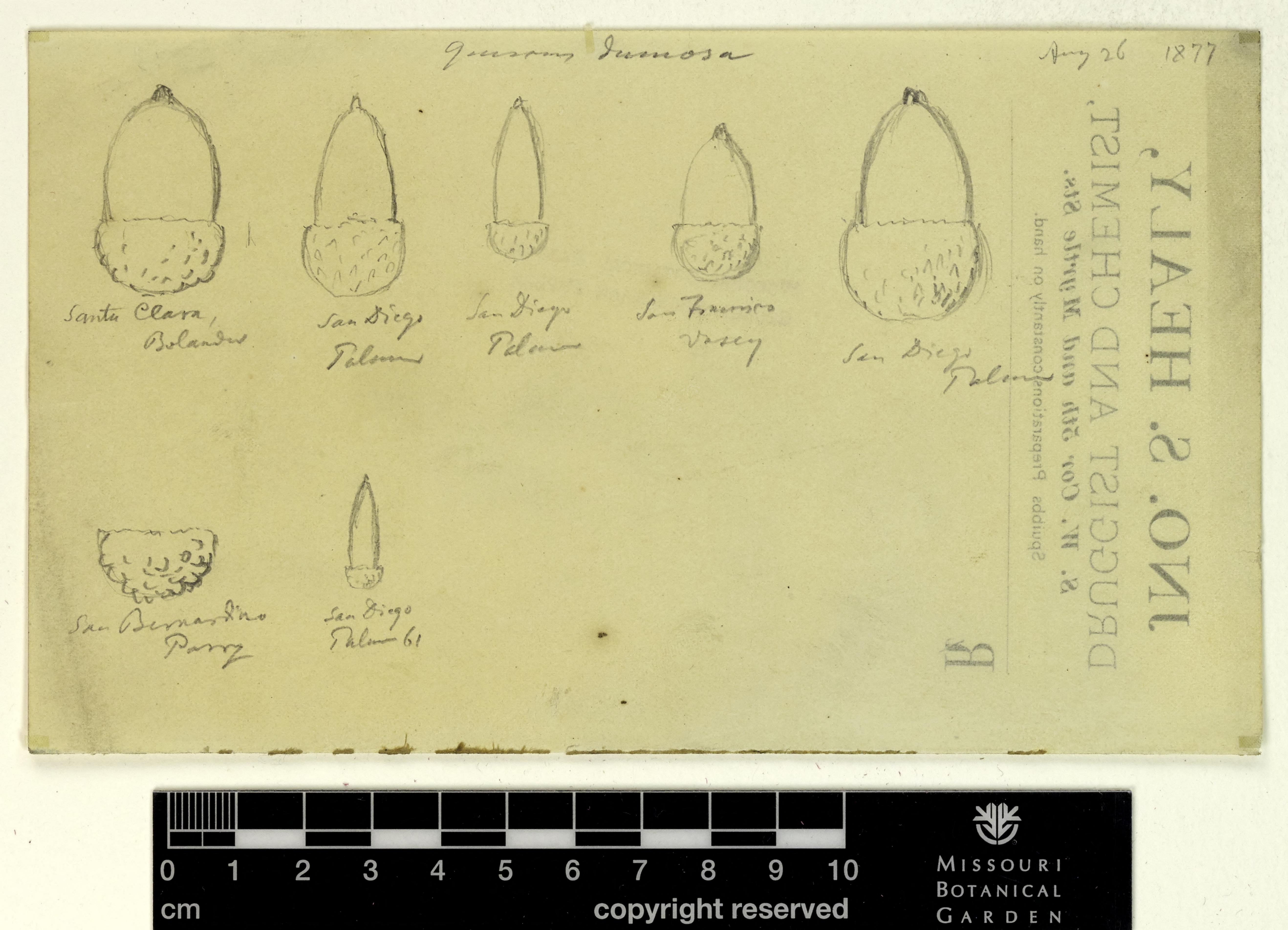
EHRH

Street, Cor.

copyright reserved cm

GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS





Spuibbs Preparations constantly on hand

2

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDENS GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS

